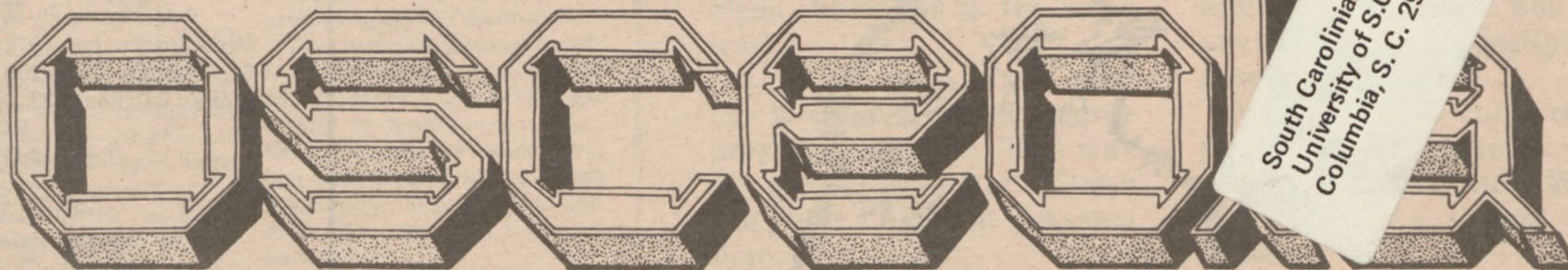


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SOUTH CAROLINA'S NEWSWEEKLY



SANTEE RESERVE NO TRESPASSING S.C. WILDLIFE AND MARINE RESOURCES DEPT.

Stay away, South Carolinians

by Bob Thompson and John Hughes Cooper

The Santee Coastal Reserve is a lush wildlife haven of some 23,000 acres, located on the Atlantic Ocean 17 miles southeast of Georgetown, South Carolina. Marshland comprises most of the reserve, and there are also valuable pine and hardwood uplands. The area is a veritable paradise in pristine condition, and it harbors much wildlife threatened by extinction, such as the bald eagle, the American alligator, the osprey, and the loggerhead sea turtle.

So when former Governor John West announced last June that a private gun club, the Santee Club, had donated the reserve to a national conservation group in order to preserve it from development, naturally the reaction from the public was intensely favorable. And when it was announced in September, 1974, that the conservation group, the Nature Conservancy, had granted the Santee Reserve to the state of South Carolina, it was like manna from heaven to environmentalists and state officials. Here was an irreplaceable natural wonder being acquired by the state of South Carolina at no cost whatsoever, according to news reports at the time. Such good fortune was hard

to believe.

The gift of land was the first acquisition under the Heritage Trust program set up by West. It seemed an auspicious beginning for the Heritage Trust, which was designed to acquire historically and environmentally significant areas so that the citizens of South Carolina might enjoy their natural splendor.

However, thanks to certain details in the transactions that were not publicized at that time but which are just now coming to light, the incredible stroke of luck that befell South Carolina is becoming a lot more believable. *Osceola* has made a number of discoveries that show that the taxpayers of South Carolina and of the United States stand to foot more of a bill than was originally imagined, in order to subsidize the pleasures of a powerful and wealthy elite. The "dream come true" seems to have a rather tarnished lining.

The transfer of the Santee Reserve to the Nature Conservancy and subsequently to the state of South Carolina is a maze of red tape and legal uncertainty which is difficult to untangle. But with the help of conservationists, former government officials, and others, we have found some interesting items of in-

formation, including the following:

—The 22 members of the Santee Club, who each donated their share of the Santee Reserve to the Nature Conservancy, now stand a chance of getting a massive tax write-off because they donated the land to a non-profit corporation.

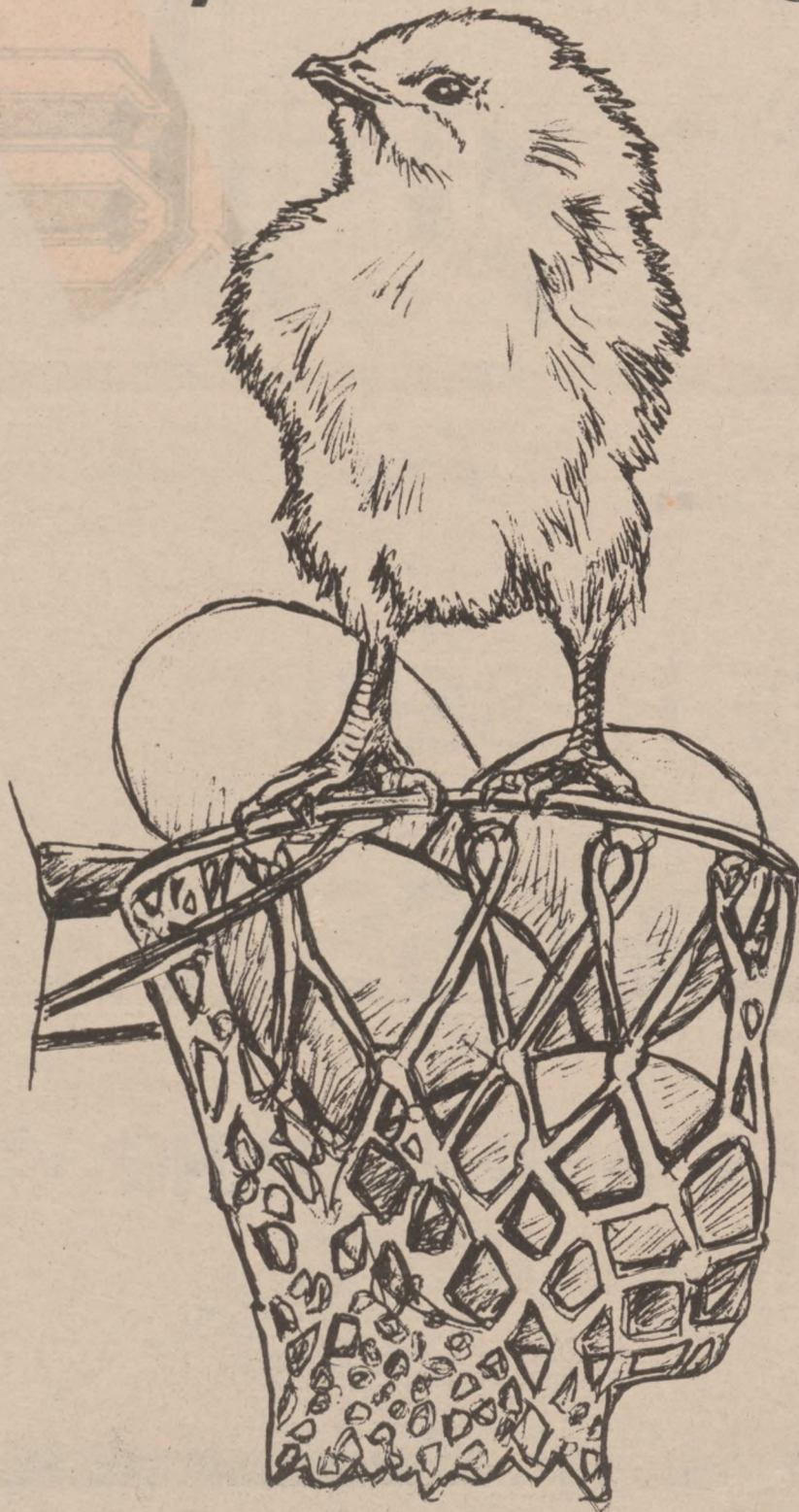
—The value of the Santee Reserve may be considerably less than the \$20.3 million which the appraisers selected by former Governor West found it to be worth. Thus the amount which the former members of the Santee Club may deduct from their taxable incomes may be highly exaggerated, according to our sources.

—Shortly after the donation of the Santee Reserve, the Santee Club dissolved itself. Not long after that, 13 former Santee Club members joined with five other men to incorporate the Collins Creek Gun Club in South Carolina.

—A lease and license agreement negotiated between the Collins Creek Gun Club and the Nature Conservancy gave 25-year exclusive hunting rights on the land, at an unreasonably low price, to the group of

(Continued on page 6)

don't put all your eggs



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—press critic A.J. Liebling

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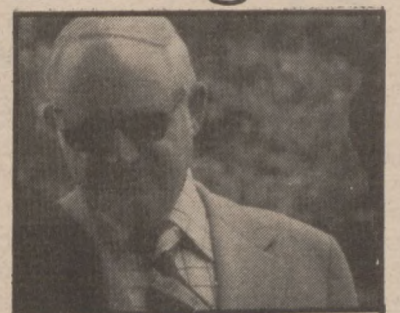
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Cheap Shots

More on the Little trial

The murder case of Joann Little took another turn toward the bizarre last week when defense attorneys for the 20 year-old black woman charged their phones had been tapped.

"All I know is that we had a phone sweep just as a precaution," said Karen Galloway, one of Little's three attorneys, "And the sweep said our phones are tapped. I don't know how accurate those sweeps are, but it's not really surprising."

Galloway added that electronic sweeps of other people involved in the case also proved positive.

Little herself is free on \$115,000 bond, "resting" at an undisclosed location, according to her attorneys, and preparing for the April 15 trial.

Little is charged with first-degree murder in the ice-pick slaying on August 27, 1974, of Clarence T. Alligood, a 62 year-old jailer for the Beaufort County, N. C., sheriff's department. The case might have slipped through the state court sys-

tem without a ripple, but Joann Little fled and finally turned herself in to the State Bureau of Investigation, claiming she acted in self-defense and was protecting herself against rape.

The case immediately attracted national attention, with the Southern Poverty Law Center in Montgomery, Ala., footing the bill for her defense, and such luminaries as Ralph Abernathy, Angela Davis and Julian Bond speaking in her behalf.

After a series of delays initiated by prosecutor William Griffin, Little was finally released from the Correctional Center for Women in Raleigh, N.C., on Feb. 26. Much of the \$115,000 bond came in the form of \$5,000 pledges of property from people in the Chapel Hill-Raleigh area, according to published reports.

As it stands now, the trial will be held in Beaufort County with a jury chosen from a county not adjoining Beaufort, but attorney Galloway said motions for a change of location will be filed before the trial date.

"Joann is doing fine," Galloway said. "She's resting and preparing for the trial. We're very busy."

A note from the editors

Due to unexpected printing difficulties, the publication of this issue was delayed several days.

LOOK FOR BROKEN SYNAPSES

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Peter Vaeth-Photography

**Red Cross.
The Good
Neighbor.**

Thunder on the right

Story and photo by Michael Bane

YORK — Ask anyone in this swirling backwater of the Piedmont, and they'll tell you Charlie Blackwell's the one. And if you don't believe the testimonials, you can read it on Charlie Blackwell's license plates — "South Carolina — 1975 — THE ONE."

"People in this town used to think I was crazy," Charlie Blackwell likes to say, usually grinning from ear to ear. "Now they know for sure."

Crazy or not, he's got one sure distinction. Charlie Blackwell, a.k.a. Charles T. Blackwell, is one of the most prolific letter writers in the Carolinas. His editorial opinions enlighten the letters sections of the York Gazette, the Rock Hill Evening Herald, the Columbia State and the Charlotte, N. C., Observer ("They'll only take one letter a month from me," he says, finishing a shredded, grimy copy of the Observer's front page from his ample pocket. "See here?" pointing to an article on the economy, "Doesn't that just make you sick? And I've already mailed my February letter!").

Charlie Blackwell's passion for the editorial pages is not without its reasons. He's the organizer, temporary state chairman, first member and prime mover of the South Carolina Libertarian Party, a spinoff of the national Libertarian Party and a loose collection of — of all things — anarchists.

Even the name, Libertarian Party, is a contradiction in terms, he says. A libertarian by Charlie Blackwell's definition is a proponent of individualism in the extreme, shunning all organizations, especially governments. A party is an organization of individuals aimed at achieving political power.

"Hey man," he says, a two-word litany punctuating the conversation like bursts from a machine gun. "Hey man, we're talking about peaceful anarchy."

But hey, what could be better than peaceful anarchy? Like Tarzan. Like Robinson Crusoe."

So how did this particular dreamer get washed up on the tiny island of York, population 5,000, and what complicated series of swinging vines led to this table in the White Rose Cafeteria, across the narrow street from the now-defunct Sylvia Theater?

Charlie Blackwell wrinkles his brow, gray eyes looking pained, looking like Hec Ramsey after he just wasted an old friend. In fact, Charlie Blackwell looks amazingly like Richard Boone, a slightly portly Paladin or a harried Hec Ramsey cast ashore in South Carolina. He looks older than his 44 years and infinitely wise.

"I had a late awakening," he says, tapping the tobacco out of his pipe and gazing out the window at the Sylvia. "I was born in Charlotte — there's a filling station now where I was born — moved to Rock Hill, moved to York, moved to Columbia, got into theater, went to New York, did a few shows and came back. Got married and had four kids."

He tends to rush through his years in the New York theater. Yea, he says, I did a few Broadway Shows, a few off-Broadway shows. He doesn't like to drop names. But the names fall anyway.

"I got a contract with the Lincoln Center Repertory Theater in 1964, when Elia Kazan was one of the directors," he says. Charlie Blackwell opened in Kazan's revival of "The Changeling" and Arthur Miller's "After the Fall" before moving to another theater for two plays by Harold Pinter.

"But hey," he says, "When I was moving in that society, like Kazan's penthouse parties, I discovered that those people were trying to make enough money to move back to what I just left."

He also discovered that the New York street scene, with its

free-flowing marijuana and chemicals, wasn't for him either. So Charlie Blackwell came back to York to help run Blackwell's Furniture Store, down the street from the White Rose Cafeteria, and refinish antiques on the side.

Then, like the proverbial bolt from the blue, he discovered Ayn Rand's "Atlas Shrugged," the marching papers of the libertarian movement, and "something clicked."

"I suppose that when I was in New York, you could have classified me as liberal left," he

says. "But the more I got into the libertarian philosophy, the more I realized they codified what I believed."

He proffers a booklet, the 1974 platform of the Libertarian Party. In part:

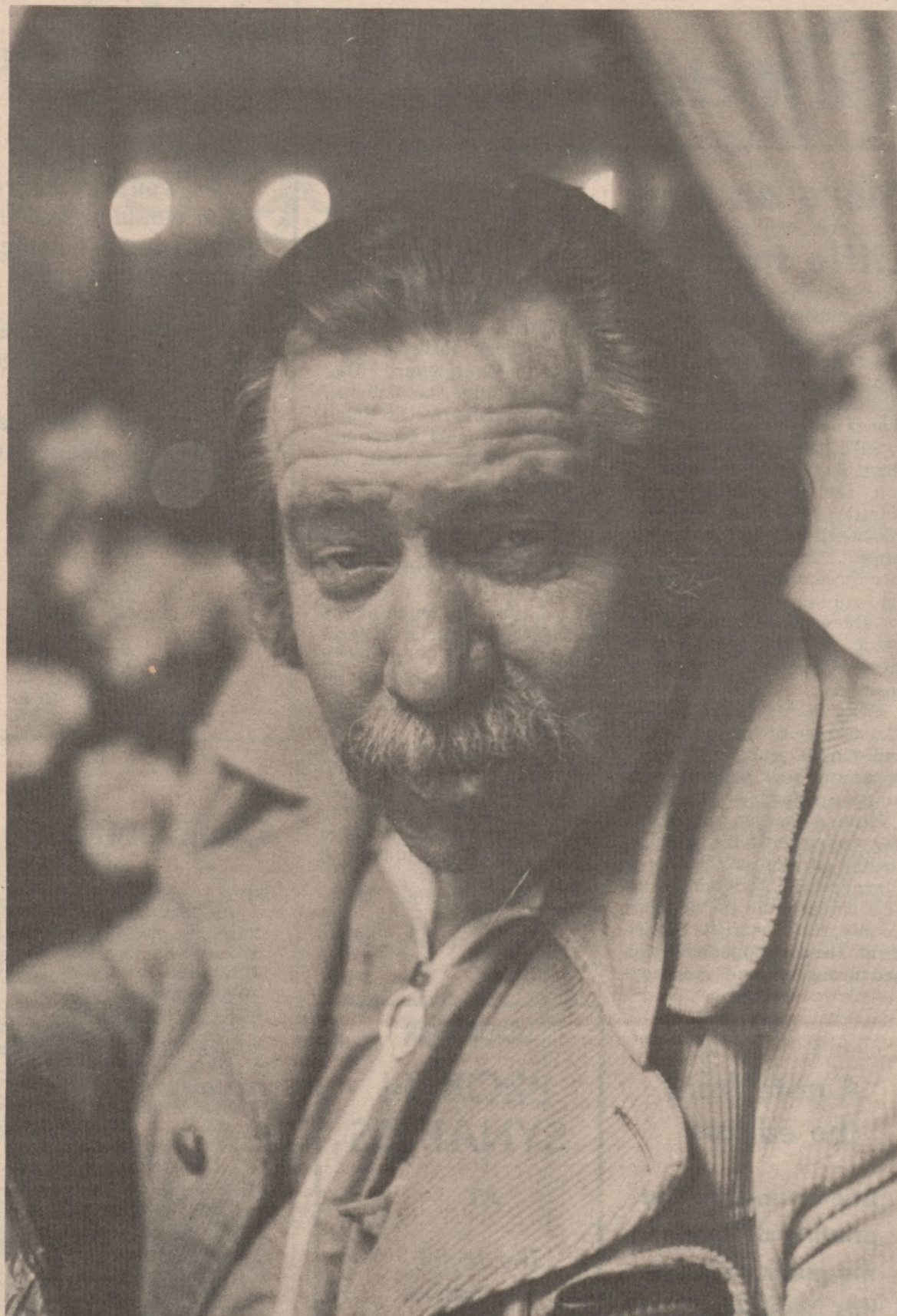
"We hold that all individuals have the right to exercise sole dominion over their own lives, and have the right to live in whatever manner they choose, so long as they do not forcibly interfere with the equal rights of others to live in whatever manner they choose."

The party can trace its roots

to 19-Century liberalism or, for the cynic, the lawless days of the western expansion of America. It offers as a platform an at first confusing melange of the politics of the left and right.

There is a call for a return to laissez-faire capitalism, free from any government interference, and an end to all social welfare programs sponsored by the government. The group also wants the abolishment of the government's power to levy taxes through the repeal of the Sixteenth Amendment of the

(Continued on page 5)

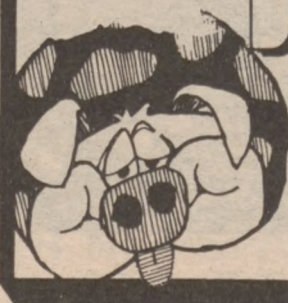


Charlie Blackwell

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Thunder on the right: S.C. Libertarians

(Continued from page 4)
Constitution.

Borrowing from the traditional left, they oppose any military draft, seek the repeal of all laws pertaining to voluntary sexual relations, drug use, gambling and other so-called victimless crimes.

On a local level Charlie Blackwell has bombarded papers with opposition to zoning ordinances, using eminent domain to obtain land and what he perceives as the government's catering to special interest groups.

"Libertarians are involved with the individual, not with majorities or minorities," he says. "Hey man, isn't the individual the smallest minority group? Anyway, there's no difference between a group of poor people or a group of big businessmen. They're both special interest groups."

What about the quality of legal advice each group can buy?

He laughs. Don't you know that poor people can get just as good legal representation through the government as big business can through money, he says?

"Listen," he says. "There's nothing more outstanding in the universe than a human being, and there's some of us who know that. What we're proposing is the old golden rule — do unto others as you would have them do unto you. That's it in a nutshell."

People, he adds, are basically charitable. If the social welfare programs were discontinued, individuals would make up the

"There's nothing more outstanding in the universe than a human being and there's some of us who know that. What we're proposing is the old golden rule...That's it in a nutshell."

Charlie Blackwell

difference out of their own pockets. If government relinquished its control of big business, a free-market atmosphere would establish itself and nobody ("Except people who don't want to work," he cautions) will be the worse for it.

"If everybody takes care of number one, then everything will be all right," Charlie Blackwell says. "Limited government should exist for the protection of individual rights and property."

How is the goal of limited government going to be obtained by a political party?

Charlie Blackwell laughs again, not so loud. The question has obviously crossed his mind before.

"Hey, man," he says, "I'm not political. The last thing in the

world I want to be is a politician."

He ran for the York County School Board last election and lost — "The best thing that ever happened to me," he says now. "You should participate in campaigns just to get your message across."

"I demand perfection in my politicians," Charlie Blackwell says, "And I don't think I could live up to that. Most libertarians feel like I do. Power politics is a terrible thing, but it's the only game in town."

Besides, libertarians don't necessarily want to get elected, he snorts, even though the Libertarian Party candidate for president in 1972, John Hospers, received a single electoral vote. The important thing is for other political parties with

more promising candidates to pick up the libertarian message. The important thing is to get the message out, Charlie Blackwell says.

Hence, the letters.

"Hey man, I come home from work, the kids are watching 'Sesame Street,' and I've got 30 minutes before the news comes on. So what else can I do except write letters?" he says, the grin resurfacing.

His letter-writing has even

gained him a notoriety that he doesn't necessarily relish.

"People call up and agree with me, and I feel that little surge of power that I don't like to feel," he says. "Sometimes I'm scared of me."

Of course, sometimes Charlie Blackwell isn't below putting you on. Sometimes the accomplished New York actor, always lurking below the surface, erupts like a bad complexion, triggering a tiny doubt — is he for real?

"I've got four small children, a wife and a dishwasher," he says, grinning a patently Charlie Blackwell grin. "Since we got the dishwasher, (my wife) Martha's whole outlook on life has improved."

Seriously, he says, still grinning, "We run a libertarian household. We demand respect. We try to answer all questions. We don't discuss politics and religion."

What's on tap for the future?

"Hey man," Charlie Blackwell says, "Maybe I'd like to get elected just once. I need a road paved down to my farm. Once I got that road paved, then I'd resign."

"Hey man, take care of number one. Right?"

Music

When country was country

DOWN HOME
by Sam Neely
A & M Records

O. K., who is Sam Neely? The lyrics remind you of hundreds of "country-rock" singers who are starving in the Nashville gutters faster than their unemployment checks can be cashed. Ditto the music.

But, something is a little different about this one. There is a quality that takes you back a few years when country was country and rock was bub-

blegum and nobody tried to prostitute good country and western by playing it on a Top 40's station. Hank Williams or Jim Reeves could be singing these songs in some two bit armory before a bunch of beer drunk red necks. Today, it's Kris Kristofferson or John Denver in a packed coliseum.

Sam Neely has sacrificed money for art. He could change his style, wear make-up, add a chorus and some electric instruments and buy a truck to carry his money to his bank. But the down home, earthy

style is beautiful, and Top 40 stations will never have to bother with Sam Neely.

Particularly worth listening to are "You Can Have Her" (side one, number one) and Neely's version of Kevin Johnson's touching "Rock and Roll I Gave You the Best Years of My Life" (side two, number two). These two alone make the album a good buy. The other eight songs are like icing on a good cake.

John Kilpatrick

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If you're a folkie or bluegrass buff in South Carolina you've got problems.

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In short, just where do you find out what's going down around the state in folk or bluegrass music? Right here.

Beginning in May, a quaint little monthly magazine will be available. Eight to twelve pages per issue (wealthy we ain't), it's called *The Hornpipe*. It's just for you.

First of all, *The Hornpipe* will offer good, in-depth photo-articles on folk and bluegrass personalities and events in South Carolina, and if you think we don't have our share of them—wait til you see *The Hornpipe*. Our idiom will range from traditional, pre-stringband styles of music to modernized, rock-flavored bluegrass.

In each issue you'll find an extensive listing of public performances throughout the state for the month ahead: who's playing, where and when. Big names and little names. Big towns and little towns.

Wanna organize a jam session or bluegrass party in your area? Give us the details and we'll publicize it for you. Free. You'll learn where to buy albums and music. Where to buy or sell instruments. Where to get instruction.

We're here to bring you and your music together.

Subscribe for \$3.00 a year, \$2.00 a half year. If you're into cornshuckin' music, you'll get your money's worth and then some.

The Hornpipe
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Santee Reserve: haven for th

(Continued from page 1)

wealthy hunters, 13 of whom had just donated their shares of the land. The public of South Carolina, according to the agreement, would not be able to hunt or fish on the reserve until 1999. The Nature Conservancy, when it granted the land to South Carolina, stipulated that the state Wildlife and Marine Resources Department should administer the reserve, and that the lease and license agreement which the Nature Conservancy had made earlier with the Collins Creek Gun Club must be honored. If not, the Santee Reserve would revert back to the ownership of the Nature Conservancy.

—The Wildlife and Marine Resources Commission, as chief state bargaining agency for the reserve, accepted the unusually restrictive conditions that the Nature Conservancy required, so that the state could acquire the land. Interestingly, *Osceola* learned from sources at the Santee Reserve that the Wildlife Commission chairman, Joseph W. Hudson, has been hunting on the Santee Reserve at least twice since November, 1974, as a guest of the Collins Creek Gun Club. Also, Hudson had earlier written in a letter to a real estate agent, obtained by *Osceola*, "two of the influential members of this group (the Santee Club) and one in particular...have been long time friends of mine."

The Collins Creek Gun Club now has a 25-year lease and license agreement with the state, whereby the gun club rents 19 acres of the Santee Reserve (including the clubhouse) and has exclusive hunting rights for the remainder of the land. The club pays only \$45,000 a year for this lease and license. Yet the cost of operating the Santee Reserve in 1973 alone cost the Santee Club \$163,000, according to the former manager of the property, who also said that about \$1.5 million would be needed over the next five years to control erosion on the reserve.

If these wheelings and dealings don't exactly seem kosher to you at first glance, join the club. Fred Wood of the Columbia office of the Internal Revenue Service has expressed interest in the case. While Wood said he was not permitted to say whether the possibility of illegal tax write-offs by the 13 common members of the Santee Club and the Collins Creek Gun Club was being investigated, he did tell *Osceola*, "The information you gave us is under consideration." Another source also said that several other departments of the federal government have indicated interest in the case.

When the 22 members of the Santee Club, a New York - based corporation, announced that they were going to donate 23,700 acres of valuable coastal tidelands to the Nature Conservancy in June of 1974, public accolades for the donation came in fast and furious. John West, then governor, called the gift "the most valuable gift ever made to conservation in South Carolina." And *The New York Times* editorialized that the donation was "almost comparable to the Rockefeller gifts of entire national parks" and concluded that thanks for the "remarkable transaction" should be extended to the "sportsmen" of the Santee Club.

The results of the donation are undoubtedly great, in preserving from development a tract of land of incomparable natural wealth and beauty. But the reasons from that "remarkable transaction" could certainly stand further scrutiny.

Here we had a group of wealthy men who decided to give up the hunting land that they had held and hunted for many years. Included in the Santee Club were A. Felix DuPont and Christopher DuPont of the E.I. DuPont de Nemours Company, one of the nation's biggest chemical concerns. The list of stockholders in the Santee Club is sprinkled with other names important in business circles, such as John T. Dorrance, Jr., chairman of the board of Campbell Soup Company.

The Santee Club sent out feelers to see where it could best donate the property, and the South Carolina Wildlife Department expressed interest in obtaining the tract. In January, 1974, Governor West and Joe Hudson, the state Wildlife Commissioner, traveled to the Santee Reserve where they met with Eldridge R. Johnson, president of the club. Bill Cody, grandson of the legendary Buffalo Bill Cody, was manager of the reserve at the time. (He was subsequently fired, he said.) Cody related what happened at that meeting

between West, Hudson and Johnson.

West and Hudson informed Johnson of the state's desire to acquire the Santee Club's land, Cody said. Then, according to Cody, Hudson set up a deal: if the Santee Club would give the land to the Nature Conservancy, the state (the Wildlife Department, in essence) could then acquire the land from the Nature Conservancy. Additionally, Hudson apparently promised Johnson that, when the Wildlife Department owned the land, the members of the Santee Club could be given hunting rights on the land, explained Cody.

Why didn't the Santee Club give the land directly to the Wildlife Department? There are certain tax-related and other benefits that the Santee Club members could get from the deal that was made that they might not have gotten otherwise. By donating the Santee Reserve to the Nature Conservancy, the members of the Santee Club would allow themselves to write off their donation from their personal taxable incomes, thus giving themselves the possibility of a substantial tax break. Through the indirect transfer of the land, the Santee Club members also bypassed IRS strictures on the use of the land that may have prevented them from getting dirt - cheap hunting rights later.

Osceola has been unable to find out whether the 22 Santee Club members have attempted to deduct the donation of the Santee Reserve for tax purposes, because regulations prevent the IRS from disclosing such information. But it seems highly unlikely that a group of wealthy businessmen of the magnitude of the Santee Club stockholders would make such a large "donation" without the possibility of using it as a tax shelter. Fred Wood of the IRS admitted that the potential for illegal tax write - offs was there but said, "Intent is very hard to prove, unfortunately." Wood added, though, "I'd be willing to bet they've got somebody working real hard" to find the Santee Club donors the best possible tax situation.

Of course, donating money or property to non-profit agencies and charities in order to get tax breaks is neither unusual nor necessarily illegal. It's one of the most often used techniques by which the rich try to avoid paying taxes. But what is unique in this case is that many of the Santee Club members, who gave away their land at the Santee Reserve, are virtual owners of that same tract of land for the next 25 years. If South Carolina breaks its agreement with the Collins Creek Gun Club, the state must forfeit the land back to the Nature Conservancy. Thus the Nature Conservancy assured that, if South Carolina wants the land, it must play by the rules set up by the Conservancy and the gun club.

Here's what happened to achieve that. The 22 Santee Club members each gave all of their stock in the club (i.e. their stock in the 23,700 - acre reserve) to the Nature Conservancy. The Santee Club was then dissolved.

Soon, the Collins Creek Gun Club was incorporated in South Carolina; the club includes 18 stockholder - members, 13 of whom had been members of the Santee Club. Thus the Santee Club, incorporated in New York state, had in effect been reincarnated in South Carolina under the guise of the Collins Creek Gun Club.

The Nature Conservancy, which held title to the land at the Santee Reserve from June 26 through September, 1974, negotiated a lease and license agreement with the Collins Creek Gun Club. Under the agreement, the Collins Creek Gun Club would lease 19 acres of the Santee Reserve, including the clubhouse, for the next 25 years, at an annual cost of about \$12,500. The Collins Creek Club would also hold exclusive hunting rights on the remaining acreage for the next 25 years, at a cost of about \$32,500 annually. (The lease and license fees would be adjusted every five years, based on the change in the U.S. Consumer Price Index.) The Collins Creek Gun Club would also pay the Nature Conservancy for expenses, such as the gas and oil used in vehicles belonging to the Santee Reserve, and it would pay also for salaries of the reserve's employees when they were working on club business. (A Wildlife Department official told *Osceola* expenses and salaries would amount to about \$40,000 additionally per year.)

The Nature Conservancy then completed its part of the deal which Cody had related to us. The land was



granted to the state of South Carolina in September, 1974, subject to certain conditions. And it is these highly unusual conditions which seem to be, if not potentially illegal, at least highly unethical and misleading to the public. The Nature Conservancy handed the title for the Santee Reserve over to South Carolina, but the deed stipulated that the Collins Creek Gun Club should be allowed to have the same rights to the reserve that it had earlier made with the Nature Conservancy.

Besides giving the lease and hunting rights to the Collins Creek Gun Club at a minimal cost, the state also took upon itself the primary responsibility for upkeep of the reserve. According to the deed from the Nature Conservancy, the Wildlife Department was required to "implement standard wildlife management techniques and manipulations to provide food and cover and to maintain, improve or replace currently existing dikes, canals, ditches, ponds and levies for the maintenance and enhancement of the Property as a wildlife refuge." Both the former manager of the reserve, Bill Cody, and the new manager, Tommy Strange, agreed that the state would maintain the area much better than the Santee Club had been doing.

Controlling erosion may prove a major expense to the state during the next 25 years, according to Cody. Shortly before leaving the reserve, Cody wrote that Murphy Island, part of the reserve, was eroding rapidly "in which case we are in danger of losing this area if something is not done soon. Cedar Island is starting to wash also, but not like Murphy Island...."

In addition to the state funds that are being used and will be used to improve the Santee Reserve, South Carolina is also receiving \$117,350 from the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation of the U.S. Department of the Interior. The funds will be used to build public recreation facilities, such as boat docks and ramps.

How much benefit the public will get out of the Santee Reserve before 1999 is uncertain. When the Nature Conservancy deeded over the land to the state, it said South Carolina would only be able to authorize public hunting and fishing on the Santee Reserve after the 25-year lease and license agreement with the Collins Creek Gun Club was terminated. Several days after a series of articles were published in a daily newspaper about possible misuse of the reserve, the manager of the reserve publicly invited groups of citizens to come and tour the area. But as far as we can tell, public access to and use of the Santee Reserve will be very limited for the next 25 years.

So the unbelievable deal jointly negotiated by Hudson, West, the Nature Conservancy and the wealthy hunters who had owned the Santee Reserve seems likely to cost the taxpayers of South Carolina and the United States a lot more than was publicly implied, and South Carolina citizens are going to have to suffer through a quarter - century "hands off" period which they'll have to pay for.

Which goes to prove that conservation can be very costly.

the rich and the super-rich



Clubhouse at the Santee Reserve

If South Carolinians are not going to benefit from the deal for at least 25 years, who is? The former owners of the Santee Reserve, that's who. Some of the 22 members of the Santee Club who unselfishly decided to sign over their personal shares of the Santee Reserve may be pulling a fast one on the taxpayers.

Consider this: the Santee Club members, by donating the land to a non-profit organization (the Nature Conservancy), may be able to deduct the amount of their individual contributions from their taxable incomes. *Osceola* was unable to find out just how much each member's share of the gift was, but simple arithmetic gives one an idea of the average savings which each member might realize from the deal. The land was appraised at \$20.3 million; divided by 22 persons, that means each individual donation would average just less than a million dollars. Let's assume further that these men are all rather wealthy — a likely assumption, since the deal involves two DuPonts and other businessmen sitting on the boards of numerous nationally-known companies.

The IRS supplied us with the following figures, and with them it is possible to get an idea of how much the Santee Club members might save in taxes — if they seek to write off the donation for tax purposes, which we could only speculate on, and if the IRS approves of it.

Persons making between \$44,000 and \$52,000 a year in taxable income pay 50 percent of their income to the IRS. The maximum tax on unearned income, according to the IRS, is 70 percent.

That means if the Santee Club members who donated their stock (i.e. land) to the Nature Conservancy should seek a tax write-off and the IRS should grant it, they could get a sizeable portion of their "donation" back in the form of lower taxes. Wood, of the IRS, estimated that the Santee Club members might save anywhere from 15 percent to 70 percent of the value of their donation (assuming, of course, that the IRS approves).

Let's use a hypothetical example to illustrate the possible savings. John Doe has a taxable unearned income of \$2 million a year. He's in the highest tax bracket, so he pays 70 percent, or \$1.4 million, to the federal government in taxes. He decides to make a gift of \$1 million to his favorite charity, so his taxable income is reduced to \$1 million. Consequently, he would pay only \$700,000, or less if he falls into a lower tax bracket, to the federal government in taxes.

Nothing's wrong with that — normally. But in this case, it appears that 13 of the 22 Santee Club members who gave up their land are still retaining the use of that land, through the lease and license agreement between the Collins Creek Gun Club and the state of South Carolina. It is questionable whether it would be legal for these 13 men to claim tax deductions for the donation of property that they still essentially hold without paying a fair market price.

Wood explained the situation to us. If the 13 members of the Santee Club who are now in the Collins

Creek Club pay "a reasonable amount" for their lease and hunting rights at the Santee Reserve, they will still be able to deduct the donations of land from their taxable income. The question is, Wood said, whether those men are paying what any "disinterested party" would be paying for those same privileges. Wood explained that the donation of the Santee Reserve would still be considered a tax-exempt donation if the land were rented back to the former owners at "fair market value."

But it appears that the Collins Creek Club is paying much less than fair market value for what it's getting. The club pays only \$45,000 a year, plus about \$40,000 for expenses and salaries. Even at 1973 pre-inflation prices, the Santee Club had to fork out more than \$163,000 to maintain the reserve for its use as a duck hunting haven. Add to that about \$1.5 million which Cody estimated will be needed to control erosion there over the next five years. And you can see that this "free" gift to South Carolina will cost its taxpayers untold millions of dollars over the next 25 years — before the public can even hunt or fish on its land.

Another consideration in the case is whether the appraisal of the value of the land is correct. West appointed two realtors, Jean Little of Spartanburg and S. Tetterton of Camden, to appraise the Santee Reserve and an adjoining tract owned by John T. Dorrance, Jr., a Santee Club member. (Dorrance donated his personal tract of land to the Nature Conservancy at the same time he and the other 21 club members signed over their stock in the Santee Club.) Little and Tetterton determined the value of the Santee Club's land at \$19.7 million and the Dorrance property at \$629,375, for a total of \$20.3 million.

Yet, if that total is inflated — which a retired chief appraiser for the National Parks Service told *Osceola* is a distinct possibility — and the IRS allows a tax write-off based on that appraisal, the donors of the Santee Reserve might even get a profit from giving away their land, if the money saved by the tax break is more than the actual (not appraised) value of the land.

The accuracy of the appraisal is in doubt, sources said, for several reasons. Neither Little or Tetterton are members of the American Institute of Real Estate Appraisers, commonly called MAI's. Usually an MAI certification, the hallmark of excellence for appraisers, is required for a person to do major government appraisals. Little's objectivity has already come under question in an appraisal made last year. Little's appraisal of Capers and Dewees Islands, ordered by West when the state sought to buy those islands, evoked criticism from numerous appraisers, who contended Little's appraisal was too high and that Little was biased because the owners of the islands were acquaintances of West's.

Tetterton, incidentally, was West's business partner in several earlier business ventures, the Sunny Hill residential development in Camden being the two men's most recent joint enterprise.

H. Philip Troy, before retiring in 1973, was chief appraiser for the National Parks Service. Troy was asked by *Osceola* if he thought the appraisal of the Santee Reserve was accurate. He responded, "I think it's quite a bit too high." He was also critical of some of the methods Little and Tetterton used in the appraisal, and he questioned West's judgment in having the two men do the appraisal.

Troy said that two certified MAI's should have made two separate appraisals on the land, whereas West had one appraisal done by two men who aren't even MAI's. The retired appraiser also questioned why West had the appraisal of the Santee Reserve done by a Spartanburg man — Little — and a Camden man — Tetterton. "There were ample local appraisers with knowledge of these islands," Troy reasoned. "And it seems strange to go to Spartanburg, which is about as far away as you can get, to have these properties appraised."

To find the value of the Santee Reserve, Little and Tetterton compared the land to 26 tracts which had been appraised recently. But Troy claimed that at least 14 of the comparisons were inappropriate for various reasons — the land was of a different nature, the development potential differed, the properties were sold above fair market value, etc. Troy contended that the appraisal of the Santee Reserve was

not based on fair market value.

Troy estimated that the current value of South Carolina's actual ownership of the reserve "would be something less than \$2 million, depending on the discount rate used," because all the restrictions on the use of the land and the reversionary interest which the Nature Conservancy holds would lower the land's immediate value. "The IRS, I'll wager, is not going to accept the...appraisal," he remarked.

The IRS has a couple of problems to iron out, if the 13 members of the Santee Club who joined the Collins Creek Club are to be considered eligible for tax write-offs. First, you can't donate something to a non-profit organization, get a tax write-off on its value, and then have that gift handed right back to you. Second, the appraisal of the value of the gift made for tax purposes must be accurate and unbiased. The Santee Club members may find they have problems on both accounts.

The fact that the Santee Club decided to use an indirect route by which to donate the Santee Reserve casts another cloud on the members' motives. The IRS' Wood explained that the club members could have deducted the value of the land from their taxable incomes by giving the land *directly* to South Carolina instead of using the Nature Conservancy as an intermediary, if the land was to be used only for public benefit.

That last phrase — "used only for public benefit" — may explain why the Santee Club members used the indirect donation route. In that way, they would have all the benefits of a direct donation without the disadvantages. By donating the land to the Nature Conservancy, they could still get a tax write-off on the donation. And, thanks to the Nature Conservancy's agreements with the Collins Creek Gun Club and later with the state, most of the members of the former Santee Club would also be able to hunt and fish on the land at a greatly discounted rate.

It appears then that one reason — if not the main reason — the Nature Conservancy was brought in on the series of transactions was so that the wealthy owners of the Santee Reserve could be assured of preferential treatment after they had donated the land.

The Nature Conservancy often acts as an intermediary in land transactions where an individual or group wishes to give an environmentally significant tract of land to a state, local, or federal government. In this case, the Nature Conservancy has achieved its goal in making sure the Santee Reserve will be preserved for future generations. But in doing so, the Conservancy may have become in pawn in a game of tax evasion and favoritism.

Another legal question is whether the agreement between the Nature Conservancy and the state of South Carolina is entirely legal. In the agreement, the Nature Conservancy imposed certain conditions on the state before it would give up the Santee Reserve, and said that a breach of those conditions would result in the land being given back to the Nature Conservancy. That means that South Carolina has the title to the land, but the Nature Conservancy has a so-called "reversionary interest" in the reserve. The legality of such a reversionary interest is questionable in conjunction with a tax write-off.

A stimulus for the Santee Club's quick action on disposing of their land and dissolving the club may have been the fact that the club's corporate charter had lapsed in 1952. The state of New York revoked the charter. Several sources we talked to suggested that the club members may have been writing off money they spent at the club as business expenses — which would have been illegal if the club was not actually incorporated during that period. The sources claimed that the members of the Santee Club were advised by their tax lawyers to "bail out" of the club before they got into tax trouble.

There's no question that South Carolina got more than its money's worth when it received the Santee Reserve. The reserve is worth the funds that must be poured into it. But another question that isn't easily answered is — did state officials use their official positions to bail out some friends who were in a jam? Because all the information isn't available to us, we can't definitively answer that. But the potential is there, and it's been known to happen before.

national topics

TRB
FROM WASHINGTON

Deciding to decide

When Carl Reich comes home to tell Elsa that he's had it — that he's out of a job — she can tell before he opens his mouth. There is a period of unreality. She fixes a good supper. They have braced themselves. They have built up a little reserve, a bit of savings at the bank and credit union, and there are unemployment benefits. Next morning the alarm goes off and he doesn't get up, and when the kids go to school he stays at home, looking at want ads and then going downtown to fill out forms. It begins to sink in. He feels useless, not a man. It takes a while for the sullen mood to come, when debts rise and clothes fray. Later it is anger. Whether eight million people now unemployed will go through those stages, and when

or if their mood becomes militant, we can't guess. Unemployment starts feeding on unemployment when jobless benefits give out and the unemployed can't buy new goods or pay mortgage debts. That will start to happen for many by spring.

So now let's see how Congress is rising to the crisis. There was dismay when President Ford offered his State of the Union package on January 15; and followed it up with his budget-economic messages, February 3-4. He wanted too little for recovery; he wanted cutbacks in social welfare; he wanted oil taxes that would increase inflation. Now everybody is telling Congress to hurry up its own program. Meanwhile President Ford and Press Secretary Ron Nessen criticize Congress for



Rocky's moment of decision

delay. Mr. Ford is in Florida this week continuing to seek support. (He seems to feel this is what Harry Truman would have

done.)

The House met the first challenge by taking a leisurely 10-day recess, and the Senate,

shamed into staying on the job, didn't do much more than mark time. Now things have changed a bit. But it is a good reminder, for people who want to make Congress into a hero, of how difficult it is. It always pays to be realistic, particularly about Congress.

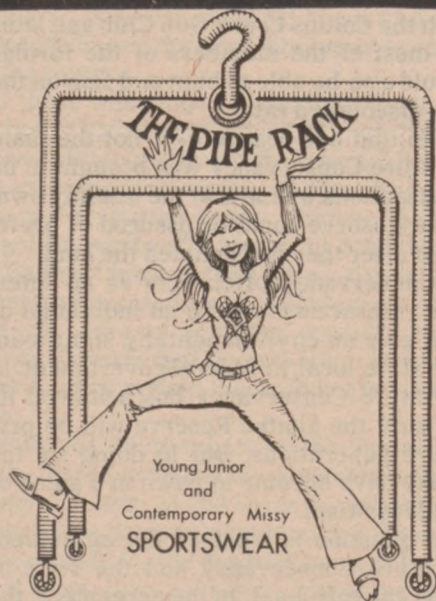
We are going to learn a lot about Congress and government in this new crisis, just as we did in Watergate. In Watergate the job was relatively simple: to curb and oust a President. In the course of doing this we discovered that the Founding Fathers had put impeachment power in the Constitution, which most of us had forgotten.

This is tougher today, because whereas Watergate was to destroy something, to excise a malignancy, now the problem is to create things, a new economy, jobs, a new approach to world oil supplies. Furthermore the separation of powers trips us up when we try to act swiftly and coherently. At once Congress and the White House get into a confrontation.

"This self-stultifying, divisive system of government sometimes produces no movement or action at all," wrote a perceptive Englishman, professor S. E. Finer of the University of Manchester, in his *Comparative Government* (1970; Penguin Press). Inertia is caused, he said, by the separation of powers which is the unique characteristic of the American system. "But," he added, "in the United States, this situation, where government can grind to a halt and produce no action for a very long time, is not only tolerable but often even agreeable." He concluded, "In any case (it) is usually irrelevant because the United States is, by world standards, an empty county and a most wealthy one, so that the slowness with which new measures may be introduced there does not bother the average American citizen anything like as much as it would his counterpart in the more crowded and considerably poorer states of Europe."

Wait a bit, though. This standardized European comment came before the facts of life had hit the world's richest nation. Americans hail their venerable government because it accommodates to their diversity and because it has performed well; it helped produce the most stable democracy on earth; it came through Watergate well too.

But now global events are bursting in: we sank treasure in Vietnam; we lived beyond our means; we found we must buy and sell scarce commodities in a finite world just like other nations. Can our system adapt and move swiftly in an emergency



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short of war? It remains to be seen how "the average American," cited by Finer, reacts if the government proves "self-stultifying," that is if the White House and Congress get into a brawl on the brink of the precipice.

Fortunately this won't happen. Confrontations between Mr. Ford and congressional Democrats have begun; but I don't know anyone who thinks they will be carried to a suicidal stalemate. Much more likely they will drag into compromises that nobody really wants and that may not meet the problem. Stakes are high today and the old-fashioned solution by accommodation may not work.

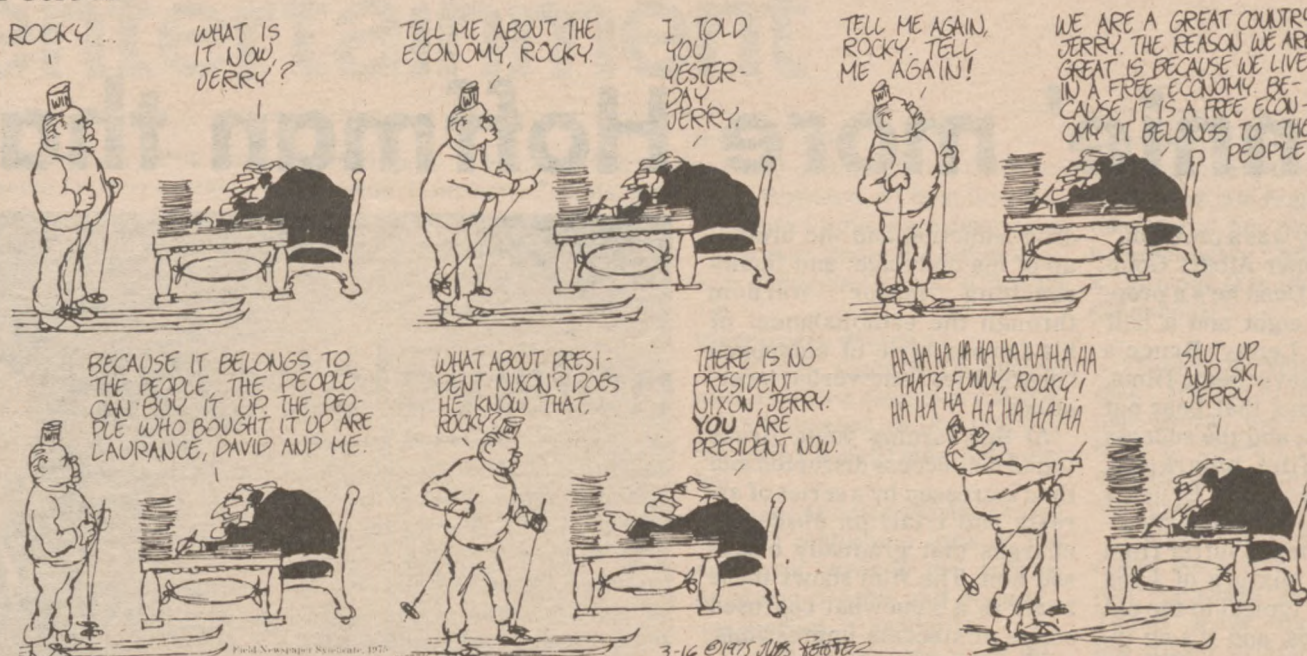
The showdown stage is here. On the energy package Mr. Ford seems to be in a minority; he hasn't been able to rouse enthusiasm on trips nor with the gathering of state governors; and even so wise a counsellor as Arthur Burns of the Fed wants him to postpone the matter. Mr. Ford will be unwise to veto the delaying bill. A veto, of course, precipitates things and will show how determined the sides are.

The bill to stimulate the economy by a Keynesian tax cut is next. Here everyone favors the cut; the question is, how big? Reading from right to left we have Mr. Ford, with his Simon-Greenspan advisers, \$16 billion; the House Democrats, \$20 billion; George Meany, \$30 billion; Harry Truman's economic adviser, Leon Keyserling, \$40 billion.

Forty-six years after the 1929 crash we are doing what Herbert Hoover might have saved himself by doing: giving a big shot to the economy and to hell with the deficit. Will it work? We can't be sure. Will it turn the economy around? Will it have inflationary side effects? We can't know. The remarkable thing is that we've got consensus for the act in what looks like the greatest economic experiment in history.

Meanwhile Nelson Rockefeller moves to his moment of truth. In these other turmoils, as presiding officer of the Senate, he is being asked to do what Vice President Richard Nixon did thrice: declare that the Senate is not a continuing body and hence that a reform motion to make the Senate filibuster easier to beat can be taken up by a majority, rather than a two-thirds vote ("Rule 22"). It sounds dreadfully complicated, and is. But it can be put in another way: will Rocky be liberal as Nixon was on this issue?

Feiffer



WEEKLY SPECIAL

Unemployment May Hit 12 Per Cent

by Jack Anderson
with Joe Spear

WASHINGTON — President Ford is still underestimating the unemployment crisis. This is the opinion of economic experts who have been right in the past.

They predict the weakening economy will dry up far more jobs than the President seems to anticipate. The unemployment rate could hit a disastrous 12 per cent, they fear, before the end of the summer.

Unfortunately, our economic sources have been more accurate in their predictions than have the President's economic advisers. In fact, our sources blame the White House and the Federal Reserve Board for causing the massive layoff.

Last October, President Ford called upon the American people to reduce their purchases and save their money. The Federal Reserve Board backed the President by warning banks to tighten up on their loans.

Suddenly, people stopped buying automobiles and other goods in the usual volume. Inventories began to build up. Plants began to cut back production and lay off workers.

The chain reaction has now caused massive layoffs and widespread economic hardships. The jobless rate has already shot above 8 per cent. But this doesn't tell the whole story. More than 41 per cent of the teen-agers in the black ghettos can't find jobs. And almost 20 per cent of our young veterans are out of work.

Yet the worst, according to our sources, is still to come.

Placement Service: Nineteen seventy-four was a bad year for Republicans. Many of President Ford's former cloakroom buddies were voted out of Congress.

But the President hasn't forgotten his friends. The White House placement office reportedly has a special unit to handle jobs for unemployed members of Congress.

Ford appointed the defeated senator from Colorado, Peter Dominick, as the new ambassador to Switzerland. And the next governor of American Samoa will be a defeated congressman, Earl Ruth of North Carolina.

Ford has created a special Pentagon post for his former colleague from California, Victor Veysey. And another ex-colleague, Wilmer "Vinegar Bend" Mizell of North Carolina, has been nominated to be an assistant commerce secretary.

Not all ex-congressmen, of course, remain on the federal payroll. Some of them, like the former Texas congressman, Frank Ikard, become high-priced lobbyists for big oil and other special interests.

Roger Zion, a defeated con-

gressman from Indiana, sent out a solicitation letter to prospective clients boasting of his Capitol Hill connections. He assured the special interests that he will keep up his contacts "in the congressional prayer breakfast group, in the House gym, the members dining room and on the House floor."

The privileged status of former congressmen, in short, can be very profitable.

Militant Moderate: For a quarter of a century, Gerald Ford was a dyed-in-the-wool Republican conservative. He voted the conservative line. He defended the conservative cause. He became a conservative spokesman.

Now suddenly overnight, he has wound up on the conservative blacklist. The hard-nosed conservatives consider him a traitor to their principles. They want him to cut government spending but increase military spending, to grant private industry more government benefits but less government regulations.

No president has ever been able to satisfy the Republican right wing, not even their own trusted Gerald Ford. The attacks on him from the right have become increasingly bitter.

In private, the President has taken these attacks in puzzled good humor. He remarked to a friend the other day that the die-hard conservatives are as doctrinaire as the Communists whom they profess to detest. Anyone who departs in the slightest from the conservative line, he said, is looked upon as an enemy.

The President added that he doesn't consider himself a conservative anyway. He has always thought of himself, he said, as a moderate. And he intends to stay, if he can, in the middle of

the road.

Train Robbery: While poking into the Penn Central Railroad bankruptcy case recently, Sen. Birch Bayh, D-Ind., discovered that three court-appointed trustees who oversee the settlement are paid annual salaries of \$95,000, \$40,000 and \$30,000. The senator then asked the Federal Railroad Administration to explain the discrepancy in salaries.

Came the reply: "Two of them only work part time."

Arms Deal: Officials in India, according to CIA reports, believe the Ford Administration's recent decision to relax the arms embargo to Pakistan was really part of a secret deal. The United States, the Indians believe, wants to establish a military presence in Pakistan, on the strategic Arabian Sea. Indeed, according to the reports, Pakistani President Ali Bhutto has already agreed to the construction of an American air and naval base.

Deep Trash: Hollywood is making a movie of "All the President's Men," the book that tells the inside story of how the Washington Post broke the Watergate case. While building a set of the Post's city room, the moviemakers decided they needed authentic newspaper trash. After pondering the legal ramifications, the Post agreed to supply the clutter from reporters' desks. One irreverent journalist, however, saw to it that the trash shipments included publicity releases about Robert Redford, who will star in the movie.

Height of Sexism: For years, women complained because the FBI would not hire female agents. Now they are employing women, but the height requirement -- a minimum of 5 feet, 7 inches -- excludes many capable females from becoming agents.

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Cinema

'Lennie' more Hoffman than Bruce

"Alive Lenny was a problem," wrote biographer Albert Goldman in 1968. "Dead he's a property." In the eight and a half years since Lenny Bruce's death there have been films, books, and plays that bear out this statement, and the success of the new film biography, *Lenny*, proves that Bruce's story is a very hot property indeed. *Lenny* doesn't suffer from that peculiar mixture of hype and hokum so typical to the old Hollywood bios, and it's an intelligently made, reasonably interesting movie; but director Bob Fosse and writer Julian Barry have, for box office reasons or not, subtly distorted their subject to make a point. Lenny Bruce, who is his real career sought to "shock and infuriate by a public display of the ugly, the twisted, the perverse" and found "the implication of normality itself in the monstrous," has for this movie version been transformed into mild, cherubic Dustin Hoffman.

Yet on a narrative level *Lenny* works rather well. The film has been shot in a black and white, pseudo-documentary style and opens with interviews of Bruce's ex-wife (Valerie Perrine), mother (Janet Miner), and agent (Stanley Beck) remembering him in flashback—a fertile if not particularly original device that allows the movie to simultaneously show the action and comment on it. As the film progresses, we see Lenny starting out as a straight-laced, small club comedian doing Jimmy Durante impressions; meeting and marrying Honey, a good-natured stripper who eventually shares his act; undergoing the onset of

drug addiction and the break-up of his marriage; and finally reaching major stardom through the establishment of his famous style of outspoken "obscenities" and verbal lacerations.

At this turning point, Bruce found his success disrupted and then increased by a series of arrests and trials on obscenity charges that gradually obsessed him. The film shows these trials as a somewhat confused series of staccato impressions, and the necessary time compression leaves the impression that Bruce's final 1964 New York trial immediately preceded his death in 1966. *Lenny* ends with the perhaps obligatory shot of Lenny Bruce in death, naked and arms shot out in symbolic crucifixion, lying on his bathroom floor after a heroin overdose.

It's a story of considerable dramatic potential, and Bob Fosse has directed with his usual energy and style. The attraction of Bruce for Fosse is hardly mysterious when one considers Goldman's statement "show business for Bruce stands for American society itself." Anyone who has seen Fosse's *Cabaret* or *Pippin* onstage knows that he too is dominated by the metaphor of theatre for life, and in *Lenny* he explores the relationship between Lenny's work and his personal life, or alternately between Lenny and his audience. For example, through intercutting the film shows how bisexual experiments by Bruce and his wife could lead to a routine entitled "I like dykes." And as in *Cabaret*, the major visual motif of the film is the contrast between the onstage performer and reaction shots of the various audience members, shots that in themselves tell a story. In *Lenny* these reactions move from stunned shock as he tells an audience of vacationing burghers, "I think I'll piss on you," to cheering advocacy to finally "what a bore" at the end when Lenny spent most of his act reading from the transcripts of his trials.

Typically, Fosse has gotten fine work from his supporting actors. Valerie Perrine, who looks like a countrified Lee Re-



mick, may very well get the Oscar that she has been nominated for, although she is somewhat less convincing as an addict than as a stripper. Stanley Beck as the agent provides more humanity than is usual to such roles, and incidentally, that crass TV comedian who offers to put Bruce's act on his show (obviously intended as Milton Berle) is deftly handled by Gary Morton, current husband to Lucille Ball.

In terms of Fosse's direction and these performances, *Lenny* is quite enjoyable, and I don't mean to suggest that the film is a total disaster. But the inevitable question when dealing with this movie is: how much does it have to do with the real Bruce? and the inevitable answer: very little. The problem is not really, as some critics have pointed out, that the Julian Barry script sentimentalizes Bruce. According to most reports, Bruce himself had begun to take on an air of martyrdom toward the end, and

his prosecution for now seemingly innocuous language was indeed, as the movie would have it, "harassment" by those in power. The problem is rather in the casting of Dustin Hoffman in the lead. Bruce's act has been described by a contemporary observer as a compendium of "rage and nihilistic savagery" and his stage presence as "satanic." The impression is born out by Bruce's photographs; his sly, droopy eyes might belong to a decadent European aristocrat, a modern Borgia.

But Dustin Hoffman as satanic? Hoffman gives a virtuoso display of stage mannerisms and is made up right, but with his shrinking presence and puppy dog eyes it's hard to imagine him exciting any strong reaction, much less the cathartic effect of pity and fear attributed to Bruce. Furthermore, while Hoffman is a technically gifted actor, rage is definitely not in his repertory. His failure to convincingly provide it in the massacre at the end of *Straw Dogs* is what contributed more than anything else to that picture's distorted meaning. In his various roles from *Little Big Man* to *Midnight Cowboy*, Hoffman has been seedy but never seamy, and he's established a screen persona of the callow, sensitive character bruised by society that he is still playing (in a scene where Lenny and his wife are leaving a hospital he gives the audience a hint of his famous cramped walk). He's the king of vulnerability,

and I suspect that the chief source of his considerable popularity is that most of the women in the audience want to mother him. Thus, when Hoffman uses Lenny's expletives they don't make much sense. Who can believe that such a nice kid would say such things?

It is hard to see why Fosse chose Hoffman to play Bruce rather than some more appropriate box office star such as Jack Nicholson or Cliff Gorman who did the role on Broadway; the money men, only interested in Bruce as a property, may well have felt the sympathetic Hoffman to be bigger box office. In any case, the results are entirely questionable. A major theme of this movie is the creation of the Bruce legend, and there are giant close-ups of speaking lips, tape recorder reels turning, and finally of all the tape recorders being turned off, legend completed. But what kind of legend has been created? For members of my generation, Bruce is only accessible through books, pictures and records, but even so this movie's view of Bruce seems to distort and diminish him. Looking at the artifacts, there is a sense not only of a perverse and fear ridden world, but of a truly satanic joy and exhilaration at the casting off of inhibitions. Hoffman's Bruce is just a pathetic epitaph to a puritanical era. As someone behind me remarked at the end of the movie, "What a downer."

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Events/entertainment

(Continued from page 12)

Feature times are Monday through Thursday, 4:50, 7:10 and 9:20, and Friday and Saturday, at 2:50, 5, 7:10 and 9:20.

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"The Strongest Man In the World" also shows here. Features begin at 2:20, 4:30, 6:30 and 8:30, and on Saturday there's a 12:30 p.m. matinee for the kids.

theatre

USC's Department of Theatre and Speech presents "The Real Inspector Hound" March 10 to 14. The play, written by Tom Stoppard, revolves around a stage murder during the opening night of a British "whodunit." Curtain time is 8:15 nightly in Drayton Hall Theatre. Tickets, available at the theatre box office, are \$1 for students, \$2 for USC faculty and staff and \$3 for all others.

Fort Jackson's Playhouse 4 presents "Il Tabarro" March 12 and 14 at 8 p.m.

The Allen University Players will present Charles Gordan's Pulitzer Prize winning play, "No Place To Be Somebody," March 11 at 8 p.m. in Chappell Auditorium. Tickets may be purchased before the performance.

art

Columbia Museum of Art is featuring through mid-March a review of art related to George Washington and certain personalities associated with him, notably England's King George III and Lafayette.

"Graphic 74/Spain," an exhibit which introduces most major living graphic artists and major art movements of Spain's post-war period, will be on display in the Columbia Museum March 15 through April 6. The exhibit was assembled by Professor R. B. Freeman of the University of Kentucky School of Art.

Arthur Singer, a well-known nature artist, will be appearing at Havens Frame - It - Yourself Shops and Galleries, showing several new painting as well as his collection of prints. Singer will be at the Diamond Lane location on March 18 from 10 a.m. to noon and from 2 to 5:30 p.m. He will appear during the same hours March 19 at the Devine Street location.

specials

USC is forming a summer repertory theatre company to perform on the main campus during June and July. The company, under the direction of the Department of Theatre and Speech, will replace the summer theatre program in Myrtle Beach which was discontinued for financial reasons.

Three well-known plays have been selected for the program — "The Hot L Baltimore," "Charley's Aunt" and "Picnic." Each will play for one week and will then be featured in "rolling rep" (a different play each night) for the rest of the season.

"The Hot L Baltimore" will begin the season, opening on June 16, followed by "Charley's Aunt" on June 23 and "Picnic" on June 30. All will be presented in Drayton Hall Theatre.

The League of Women Voters will meet in Columbia for State Government Day March 12. Members of the General Assembly, Governor James B. Edwards and Lieutenant Governor Brantley Harvey will be honored at a 12:30 luncheon at the Hilton Town House, where League members will present some of their legislative concerns. The days activities will conclude with a speech on "Court Reform — Why Do We Need It" by William A. Dallis, State Court Administrator. Cost for the day is \$5; luncheon only is \$4. Reservations may be made no later than March 10 at the League office, 1517 Hampton Street.

politics

Charles "Pug" Ravenel, Charleston investment banker and former gubernatorial candidate will be the featured speaker at the March 13 meeting of the Lexington County Young Democrats. The meeting will be held at 7:30 p.m. at the Seven Oaks Recreation Center (off St. Andrews Road, across from Allied Chemical).

music

The Ohio Players are coming to Carolina Coliseum March 14 for an 8:30 p.m. show. Also appearing will be Graham Central Station and the B. T. Express. Tickets are \$5 in advance and \$6 at the door and are on sale at the Coliseum box office and ticket outlets.

John Denver will bring his spring concert tour to Columbia

April 9, with a 9 p.m. show in Carolina Coliseum. Tickets are selling fast at \$7, \$6 and \$5. They can be purchased at the Coliseum box office and all Coliseum ticket outlets.

television

Monday, March 10

8 p.m. - John Denver Special. Fans of the Rocky Mountain boy can get primed for his April 9 Columbia appearance during this 60 minute special, featuring a rare television appearance by zany Danny Kaye. Crazy John also tries his hand at scuba diving with Jacques Cousteau in an underwater segment taped off the Caribbean coast. (Channel 25)

8 p.m. - Family Theatre. David Niven stars as a 300 - year - old ghost in this recreation of Oscar Wilde's "The Canterville Ghost." Good family fun. (Channel 10)

10 p.m. - Camera South. Trumpeteer Dizzy Gillespie talks about his life and career and the USC Percussion Ensemble performs. (Channel 35)

11:05 p.m. - Movie. Mammoth man - eating creatures terrorize Mexico City in this 1957 thriller, "The Black Scorpion." Features some realistic special effects by Willis O'Brien of "King Kong" fame. (Channel 19)

Tuesday, March 11

8:30 p.m. - Movie. Gloria Swanson and Eddie Albert star in "Killer Bees," a made - for - t.v. flick about an iron - willed matriarch who dominates a family of California winegrowers. She also has uncanny control over a colony of bees that thrive in the vineyard, frequently swarming and crawling about her body. A real stinger. (Channel 25)

9 p.m. - "Clarence Darrow." Henry Fonda stars in this critically acclaimed adaptation of the Broadway play, based on Irvin Stone's "Clarence Darrow for the Defense." The focus is on Darrow's social philosophy and his dramatic courtroom oratory. (Channel 35)

11:05 p.m. - Movie. "Whistle Stop" features Ava Gardner in one of her first starring roles as a small - town girl unable to decide between two men. A 1946 pro-

duction. (Channel 19).

11:30 p.m. - Johnny Carson. Gena Rowland, a "Best Actress" nominee for her performance in "A Woman Under the Influence," is a scheduled guest. (Channel 10).

Wednesday, March 12

8:30 p.m. - Eight 30 Discussion centers on the controversial tidelands legislation and the future of the state's coastal area. (Channel 35)

9 p.m. - America. - Alistar Cooke takes a disturbing look at the contrasts between the original American dreams and present - day realities. (Channel 35).

10 p.m. - Firing Line. Host William Buckley talks about the defeat of Edward Heath and election of Margaret Thatcher as head of Britain's Conservative Party with author - journalist Malcolm Muggeridge. (Channel 35)

11:30 p.m. - Wide World Special. Sex appeal and how to get it is the topic as host Alan King talks to experts in plastic surgery, fashion, diet, dermatology, and cosmetology. (Channel 25).

Thursday, March 13

8:30 p.m. - Eight 30. Kitty Sloan, wife of the late Eugene B. Sloan, talks about her husband's posthumous work, "South Carolina: A Journalist and His State." (Channel 35).

11:30 p.m. - Wide World Special. "The Fat of the Land." William Conrad, the 220 - pound star of t.v.'s "Cannon," hosts this rap session on the pros and cons of corpulence. (Channel 25).

1 a.m. - Tomorrow. Tom Wicker, noted New York Times columnist, discusses his book "A Time To Die," a first - hand account of the Attica prison rebellion in 1971.

Friday, March 14

8:30 p.m. - "We'll Get By, a situation comedy created by M*A*S*H's Alan Alda, makes its debut. Included in the cast are Devon Scott, daughter of George C., and Adam Arkin son of Alan. The plot revolves around the misadventures of a suburban New Jersey couple and their three "saucy" kids. (Channel 19)

MUSICIANS — SINGERS

A representative of Stanley V. Domebroski will be in Columbia March 13-22. Anyone wishing to audition should send resumes to

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EVENTS & ENTERTAINMENT

cinema

ATLANTIC I THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

"Black Hooker," rated R, plays at 3:30, 5:30, 7:30 and 9:30.

ATLANTIC II THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

"Secrets of Sweet Sixteen and Teenage Fantasies," an X-rated look at adolescence, shows continuously from 3:30, with the last show at 8:30.

CAROLINA THEATRE, 1223 Main Street, 252-8011

"If You Don't Stop It, You'll Go Blind" features nudity and a series of highly suggestive skits despite its R rating. Shows at 1:30, 3, 4:30, 6, 7:30, and 9.

CINE-ART THEATRE, 1017 Washington Street, 779-3039

"My Fair Baby" and "Hookers Convention" show continuously beginning at 1 p.m. Both are rated X.

DUTCH SQUARE NORTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 789-1110

"The Strongest Man In the World," a zany Disney comedy with a wholesome G rating, plays at 2:30, 4:30, 6:30 and 8:30.

DUTCH SQUARE SOUTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 789-1110

David Carradine stars and directs "You and Me," a motorcycle adventure story about a young runaway. Rated PG. "Gone with the Wind" begins its umpteenth Columbia showing Wednesday.

FOX THEATRE, 1607 Main Street, 254-5212

"Lenny" begins its second week with shows at 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9. Although it gives only sketchy details of the life of the late comedian Lenny Bruce, the film is a serious effort featuring solid performances by both Dustin Hoffman and Valerie Perrine. Ms. Perrine gives an especially sensitive portrayal of Bruce's troubled

wife, Honey, a performance which won her an academy award nomination. Rated R.

GAMECOCK I, THEATRE, Parkland Plaza Shopping Center, 796-0022.

"Godfather Part II" plays at 1 p.m., 4:45, 8:30 p.m. Al Pacino stars as the powerful, callous Michael Corleone, and Robert DeNiro is outstanding as the young Vito Corleone during frequent flashback sequences. Rated R, the film far outshines its predecessor.

GAMECOCK II THEATRE, Parkland Plaza Shopping Center, 796-0022.

"Towering Inferno" continues to make the rounds, having already shown in two Columbia theatres. The film's too hot to handle with its all-star cast, featuring such luminaries as Steve McQueen, Paul Newman, Faye Dunaway and Fred Astaire (a likely Oscar winner). Rated Pg, but not recommended for squeamish kids who might be

upset at the sight of burning flesh. Shows at 3, 6 and 9.

JEFFERSON SQUARE THEATRE, Jefferson Square, Downtown, 254-6731

Sean Connery stars in "The Terrorists," a story of international hijacking and kidnapping. Rated PG, it shows at 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9.

MIRACLE THEATRE, 1228 Main Street, 256-1950

"Young Frankenstein," rated PG, shows at 1, 3:05, 5:10, 7:15 and 9:25. Gene Wilder, Marty Feldman, Madeline Kahn and assorted other crazies recreate the Frankenstein legend. It's basically a silly send-up of the 1931 James Whale movie, but director Brooks and co-writer Wilder also dip into the serious side of Mary Shelley's novel.

PALMETTO THEATRE, 1417 Main Street, 254-5800.

"Gone In Sixty Seconds," featuring race car driver Parnelli Jones, continues. Rated PG, it

shows at 7 and 9 p.m. Monday through Thursday, with Friday shows at 3, 5, 7 and 9. Saturday and Sunday features at 1, 5, 5, 7 and 9. The 11:15 last show on March 14 is "The Further Perils of Laurel and Hardy."

PLAZA III THEATRE, 1323 Main Street, 254-7960

Joe Don Baker of "Walking Tall" fame stars in "Framed," the story of one man's fight against the law. Features at 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9.

RICHLAND MALL THEATRE, Richland Mall, 782-2228

"Murder On The Orient Express" rated PG. This vintage Agatha Christie murder mystery stars more than a dozen top movie names of the past, including Ingrid Bergman, who won an Oscar nomination for Best Supporting Actress, and Albert Finney, a Best Actor nominee. The story centers around a group traveling on a luxury train from Asia to Europe during the 1930's.

(Continued on page 11)

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